

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A FAIRY TALE FOR GROWN PEOPLE

Amusing Adventures of a Daring Young American in Bermuda.

"A KIDNAPPED COLONY," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, is an extravagant but amusing tale of the audacious performance of a young American who took it into his head to impersonate for a week the governor of Bermuda—and did it. The story is capably written, and that and its daring originality save it from reproach. The improbable can be forgiven to a writer who is entertaining, as this writer always is.

The style of the book and the character of its hero are shown clearly enough in this extract from an early chapter:

"If one has Southern blood in his veins, life is only half lived in a Northern climate. The flower of being is ever on guard, half closed, against a sharp wind that may come, and it is only in the warmth of sun and light that it opens freely and knows the full, careless joy of living. Lindsay's mother was from Alabama, and as the Trinidad dream into Hamilton Harbor on a still, fair Sunday morning, he lay in the delight of the sultry atmosphere that a large half of his was hers and Southern. The picture was as gay and boldly splashed with color as the drop curtain of a theater, and the air of unhealthiness, the sensation of tropical heat, with which the scene inspired him, fitted the last shining link of his armor of adventure. He had been in theatricals many times; what was this but a play with a leading part a little more difficult to play, a plot a little more daring, and a setting surely more exquisite than any he had known? The boyish, hare-brained dare-devil that was so oddly combined in his make-up with clear-

headed executive ability, seized him as his spirits rose with the exhilaration of wonderful light and air. He had strained every muscle, every nerve to win a race; he had worked with every power that was in him, mental and physical, to win a law case, he would not let the through in the same way—with his might. It would be a story to tell when he should be ninety, if he could do it. And he would do it. With a firm jaw and shining eyes he looked silently at the sliding shore of the little country he meant to rule."

The scenery at Bermuda is singularly well adapted for the setting of a comedy, as the unerring instinct of the author has divined. The dramatic personae are well chosen. The story would, in fact, make an excellent light comedy. It is a tale of love and laughter.

The heroine is one of those girls who might have sat for Gibson—one feels she is—but the hero is not exactly of the type of Harrison Fisher, and is none the worse for that. One cannot imagine this couple standing poised at each other like two game chickens ready to peck. There is character in them, both, and in every person in the book, and the story is as good as the British make.

This character work is done by light and clever touches, not by mannerisms. Mrs. Clinton's "gray little sandpiper walk," the dark, boyish face of the hero, the "little woman" who is a little woman, withered and gentle, Evelyn Minor's "gold hair, framing her face like a halo," Teddy Ogilvie's grim-ace are fresh, bright pictures as vivid as the sea and the fresh air of the island. It is a good holiday book. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

E. F. BENSON'S NEW NOVEL

BECAUSE of the clever work that he has done in the past, the appearance of a new book by E. F. Benson is always a matter of some interest; but otherwise his latest novel, "The Reluctant City," would hardly be worth much attention. It is of interest as showing what the author thinks of New York and how far wrong he can go in depicting American character, and that is about all.

It seems of very little use for American critics to explain that real Americans of average culture do not "guess" and "calculate" and scream and chase like the English novelists seem to do to reply "Si non e vero, ben trovato," or so serenely on, creating his dreadful American millionaires, male and female, though, curiously enough, the pretty daughters always speak good English or at least good American.

Mr. Benson is old enough and clever enough to know better, but he falls into this error without even knowing it, and his Mrs. Palmer is quite the most dreadful American woman of fortune yet created. Moreover, he has committed the glaring indiscretion of making his novel

a sort of parody of current social history, and introducing in its pages several anecdotes already stale from repetition in the newspapers. In short, the attitude of Mr. Benson while telling this story is that of an Englishman who has been making a globe-trotter's tour of the States, and come back with a bad temper and a disposition to appreciate England.

The millionaire of the book is possessed of the impossible accomplishment of knowing without a dish is properly and without tasting it; he is an authority on the art and architecture of furniture, railroads, steamships and a number of other subjects. His daughter is moderately charming and Mrs. Emerson, the actress, quite so. Bertie, the lamb, who is also a lord, is a sort of hero of the book; at any rate he marries the heiress. The villain, who neatly fleeces Bertie and is himself fleeced at the end, is a famous impresario. There is a tired English beauty with a tired and consumptive lover, and there are several other folk, but the book is really written to let the author free his mind about America. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

LABOR AND POLITICS.

"The Trust's New Tool—The Labor Boss" is a somewhat impressive article by Ray Stannard Baker in the November number of "McClure's Magazine." It is treated with the portrait of Sam Parks. Another article bearing on the problems of the metropolis is "New York: Good Government in Danger," by Lincoln Steffens. The cynical may be inclined to ask if there was ever enough good government in New York to be in danger, but, nevertheless, Mr. Steffens' article is interesting reading. A paper on "The Sabbath School," by Eugene Wood, is full of demure fun. Mr. Wood has a genius for extracting entertainment from commonplace features of American life. "The Wonders of Radium" is one of those descriptive papers by Cleveland Moffett. "Breath of the North," by Norman Duncan, is another

THE PEOPLE OF THE BANKS

Norman Duncan Portrays the Newfoundlanders With Much Insight.

GRIM is the life of the Newfoundland fisherman as pictured by Norman Duncan, yet not more grim than the reality. In the ten stories which he has collected under the title, "The Way of the Sea," he has described the people of that bleak land as no one has done before. It is an absolutely faithful picture of an out-of-the-way corner of the earth, swept by fierce winds, frozen in long winters and drenched with fog. And it is marvellously well done.

Those who read, three years ago, a book of stories of the Syrian colony in New York, published under the title, "The Soul of the Street," will remember that Mr. Duncan depicted Halem, and Khalil Khayat and the other esoteric Orientals of that world with the same refined force and delicately sure touch with which he now draws his Newfoundlanders. Those who have not read that unique little book may have another treat in store for them. Few Americans have done work so good in two fields so utterly dissimilar as transplanted Orient and indigenous Banker.

These island tales attracted so much attention when they appeared separately that they will hardly be wholly new when read together. It is a life hard and bitter, but not brutal; primitive, but neither savage nor immoral, of which they are told. It has a beauty of its own, stern as the Atlantic winds, unshaken as the Atlantic winds. This beauty and charm the story teller has caught in the subtle, wonderful net of his imagination—a fisher of men in another sense than that of the gospel, and yet, perhaps, not so dissimilar, after all. His heroes are men like Saul Nash, of whom he writes thus:

"The folk of Neigborly Cove say that when the wind once more herded the pack and drove it in shore, Saul Nash, being alone, made his way across four miles of loose ice to the home of Abraham Soapman, in the lee of God's Wombling, Soapman's Arm way, where they had forgotten that this and all else that befell him after the sea struck him that brutal blow on the shoulder; the things of the whirling night, of the lagging dawn, when the snow thinned and ceased, and of the gray, frowning day, when the waves laid him in peace. A

of the author's remarkable stories of Newfoundland. Other features of this issue are "A Rush Order for Lamps," by E. W. Hurlbut. "The Mule Driver and the General," by E. W. Hurlbut. E. Beach; "The Supreme Test," by Grace S. Richmond, and "A Strenuous Courtship," by E. W. Fowler.

"The Reader."

"The Reader" for November has for its frontispiece an uncommonly good picture of a man, by J. H. Kipling, from an original by Jean Koo-ee-a Chinese artist. Illustrations of "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," by the same artist, are also reproduced. Another article of especial interest is "The Mystery of the Holf Wolf," the sculptor in question being Stephan Abel Shindling. Bliss Carman writes of "The Poet in Modern Life," and there is a great deal of entertaining gossip about books and authors.

REMEMBRANCES OF Hawthorne

A Delightful Book About the Great Novelist.

"HAWTHORNE AND HIS CIRCLE," by Julian Hawthorne, is a book which is certain to be widely read and to attract unusual attention. It possesses the peculiar interest of being the story of the life of a man of genius, told by a son who, if not a genius, is at any rate a brilliant and convincing writer. Nathaniel Hawthorne himself could not have written so entertainingly and well of his own life. His was not the autobiographical temperament. Julian Hawthorne has done a service to literature in publishing these reminiscences.

A Charming Appreciation.

The delicacy, the charm, and the delicate humor of the style of the elder Hawthorne are observable in this book, and so is another element, which the world has perhaps not yet done to recognize—the distinct individuality of Julian Hawthorne, the journalist. It is a difficult position, this of being heir apparent to a crown of elf-land, and there are few who have taken it with the dignity of this son of America's greatest novelist. When very young, he left a son who has known how to write of him with appreciative and fine dignity.

The Friends of Hawthorne.

Of the friendships which came naturally to his boyhood and youth, through his father's friendships with men of wide fame, the author says in his introduction:

"My world, during my father's lifetime, and afterward for I will not say how long, was divided into two natural parts, my father being one of them and everybody else the other. Hence I was led to regard the pursuit of the latter part, rich or poor, giant or pygmy, as being, after all, of much the same stature and value. The brightness (in the boy's estimation) of the paternal figure rendered distinctions in other brightnesses unimportant. The upshot was, in short, that if I felt in any way that while compassion was unquestionably due to other children for not having a father like mine, yet in other respects my condition was not egregiously superior to theirs. They might not know the Browning or the Julia Ward Howes; but then, very likely, the Smiths and the Joneses, whom they did know, were nearly as good."

A Portrait of the Man.

"After fifty years, of course, such prepossessions yield to experience. My father was the best friend I ever had, and he will always stand in my estimation distinct from all other friends and persons; but I can now recognize, in addition to the immeasurable debt I owe him for being to me what he was in his own person, he bestowed upon me a privilege also immeasurable in the hospitality of those shining ones who were his friends. Did I not gift him nothing? Nothing, in the sense of him, but, again, what does it cost a man to walk uprightly and clearly during the years of his pilgrimage; to deal justly with all, and charitably; to diligently to cultivate and develop every natural endowment; always to seek truth, tell it, and vindicate it; to discharge to the utmost of his ability every duty that was entrusted to him; to rest content, in the end, with the thought that he has done his best; to say no word and do no deed that he would not have his son to do and say?"

The New York Stock Exchange.

Some people have described the New York Stock Exchange as a place of wild beasts; but E. C. Stedman, who writes of "Life on the Floor" in the November "Century," puts quite a different aspect on it. Some of the color work in this issue of the "Century" is wonderfully effective, notably "Sunsets in the Pacific Sea," two pictures by F. W. Stokes. Among the features of interest is a horse story by David Gray. Ernest Thompson Seton contributes some wild animal fables, and other stories of interest are "The Marrying of Susan Clegg," by Anne Warner; "The Summer of St. Martin," by S. Weir Mitchell; "The Missing Explorer," by Benjamin H. Ridgely, and "The Little Canoe," by Henry Wallace Phillips. A new serial, by Maud Wilder Goodwin, entitled "Four Roads to Paradise," begins in this number. Some unpublished letters of Thackeray appear under the title "Thackeray's 'Friends' With an American Family," edited by Lucy W.

do not act which, were they known, might weaken the struggle against temptation of any fellow-creature? These qualities were the price at which Hawthorne bought his friends; and in receiving those friends from him his children could not but feel that the deepest, the most unselfish, the most generous in human life."

Pathetic Hero Worship.

A pathetic anecdote is this: "Once, only three years since, in the remote heart of the Colorado Mountains, I chanced to enter the hut of an aged miner; he sat in the corner of the little family room; on a small table near his hand was fixed a small bookshelf, filled with a dozen dog-eared volumes. This man had for years been paralyzed; he could do little more than to raise to that bookshelf his trembling hand, and take from it one or other of the volumes. When this helpless veteran learned my name he uttered a strange cry, and his face worked with eager emotion; the wife of his broad-shouldered son brought me to him in his corner; his old eyes glowed as they perused me. I could not resist the temptation of his broken, trembling speech; the young miner interpreted for me. 'Was I related to the great Hawthorne?' 'Yes, I am his son.' 'His son?' 'Seldom have I met a gaze harder to sustain than that which the paralytic bent on me.'"

His Father's Son.

"Would I might have worn, for the time being, the countenance of an archangel, so to fill out the lineaments, that I might have been the son of my imagination and his reverence of his ideal writer! 'The Son of Hawthorne!' He said no more, save by the strengthless pressure of his hands upon my own. The woman told me how all the books upon the little shelf were my father's books, and for fifteen years she had read no others. Helpless tears of joy, of gratitude, of wonder, ran down the furrows of his cheeks into his white beard. And how could I, at whom he gazed, help being moved; on this desolate, unknown mountain, far from the world, the name which I had inherited was loved and honored! One does not get one's privileges for nothing. My father gave me power to make my way, and cast sunshine on the path, but he made the path arduous, too!"

Striking Personal Resemblance.

Those who have seen Julian Hawthorne will not much wonder that the old man's emotion. The resemblance of the son to the father is striking, not only in feature, in coloring, but also, one easily imagines, in voice, manner, and certain tricks of gesture; and surely the gentleness of spirit which distinguished the great novelist has been inherited by the man who can tell this story in this way.

But all this is only the introduction. The book itself is full of innumerable anecdotes of Hawthorne and his friends. It makes the author of "The Scarlet Letter" seem very real to read of the desk whose secret drawer was a wonder to his children; of the purple and red dressing gown on one particular part of which he insisted on wiping his pen, till his resourceful wife and a penwiper there; of the toys he could contrive for his children; of his playing magician, and bidding his children shut their eyes for an instant, when he would swing himself into the treetops and bespatter himself with nuts of a hundred little homely, characteristic details of his daily life. Incidentally one sees where Hawthorne the younger got the material

Baxter, "A World's Congress of Lions," by Henry Fairfield Osborn, describes the lion house in the New York Zoological Park, and Andrew D. White's "Chapters From My Diplomatic Life" contain reminiscences of Bismarck. Edith Wharton's illustrated paper, "Italian Villas and Their Gardens," is of unusual interest.

Girls—and Others.

Henry van Dyke begins a series of "Little Essays About Girls" in the November number of "Harper's Bazaar." Personally, one might wish that Dr. van Dyke would not write about girls when there are so many other subjects of which he writes better; but after all his work is always entertaining. "Grouse Out of Season" is a comedy by Marguerite Merington. "When Mary Ellen Left Home" is a fantastic tale by Dolores Home. "The Country Club" is by Peter Newell. Among the hints to housekeepers is a Halloween program which is most captivating.

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THREE VAGABONDS OF THE SEA

Vivid and Amusing Stories of Adventure Told in an Original Way.

"SEA SCAMPERS," by Henry R. Rowland, is a distinctly readable book of sea stories of adventure, just realistic enough to be vivid, but not enough to spoil the plot. The stories are strung together on the loose connection of a ship, three principal characters: Dr. Boles, an Englishman, educated as a surgeon, now turned beach-comber; Jordan Knapp, a Connecticut Yankee, of huge strength and many oddities; and Arthur Brown, a marine painter, with an adventurous streak in his make-up. These three queerly assorted comrades become acquainted in and around Hong-kong and Yokohama, and the hair-breadth escapes of their careers, joint and several, would probably fill a much bigger book than this. However, this is enough for all practical purposes.

A Touch of the Horrible.

One of the tales which has to do with Boles alone, deals with his experiences in the interior of China, in the company of a half-breed Indian, and the notion is original enough for a Conrad or a Kipling. Either of the latter writers might, perhaps, have done more than hint at the reversion of McKim, the half-breed, from a civilized man to a Tartar savage in six months; but the story is good enough as it stands. It is the only one with a vein of the horrible in it, with the possible exception of "At the Break of Day," which suggests the possibility that if Mr. Rowland chose to go a little deeper into his imagination he might evolve something in that line more striking than

anything in his book. The character of McKim is certainly gruesome.

Typical American Humor.

Jordan Knapp is also something of a character. He is the map who gives this original reason for exploring the ruins of a Chinese city: "I wandered about the dirty old ruin for a while, not because I enjoyed it at all, but because it was really educational to see how hogs, chickens, and Chinamen can all live in the same place together without its apparently hurting them. The hogs and chickens, when I'd taken all of that in I went up the hill, back of the inhabited town, where there are the ruins of the old city, to see if I could find any old relics or corpses or something of that sort to cheer me up."

The Poetic Touch.

A touch of genuine imaginative poetry here and there differentiates the book from the ordinary half-adventure story, as do the vividly drawn characters and the dry humor of Knapp. A sense of the fitness of things is shown by putting the most of the poetic passages into the stories told by the artist—for each of the three takes his turn in recounting their experiences. The reason for Brown for taking certain dare-devil trips with his comrades, and his cause for satisfaction with the results, are indicated in this scrap of description: "One evening while he lay on his back, Dumaguete had caught on his canvas a certain effect of the short-lived tropic afterglow, for which I had been striving in vain for months. There is near the equator a certain indescribable ef-

fect of certain delightful fairy tales which he wrote many years ago; the children for a moment in an enchanted land of imagination."

Result of "The Scarlet Letter."

Of the experiences following the appearance of "The Scarlet Letter" the biographer says: "It was a novel experience for the man who had become accustomed to regarding himself as the obscurest man of letters in America. Lonely, yearning, melancholy, shyness, the little red house was not a literary Mecca merely, but a moral one. The dark-brown, kindly, smiling author received them all courteously; he was invariably courteous. 'I would not have a drunken man, or a man who had been drinking, or when I asked him why he had returned the salutation of a toper. What counsel he gave to those who came to him as to a father confessor of course I know not; but later, when I used to sit in his office in the Liverpool consulate, I sometimes heard him speak plain truths to the wretched and the wretched in there; and truth more plain, yet more stowed with more humanity and brotherly purpose, I have never heard since.'"

Anecdotes of Famous Men.

There are anecdotes of Emerson, of Alcott, of Herman Melville, of James T. Fields, of Kossuth, of Story, of Concord, and England, and Rome, all with touches of humor and a descriptive faculty worth having. Speaking of one of the "refrigerator hotels" in which the family dwelt when in Rome, the writer says in a comical aside:

"O Rome, my country. City of the South!"

Memories of Italy.

It was on a walk along the Appian Way with the boy Julian that Hawthorne met that calf which figures in "The Marble Faun." Of another walk he says: "The huge green mound of the Monte Testaccio was at that period plucked by numerous castles, in the dark coolness of which stores of native wines were kept, and they were sold to customers at the rude wooden tables in front of the excavations in flasks, shaped like large drops of water, provided with a small straw. When, now, I go to an Italian restaurant I always call for one of those flasks, and think as I drink its contents of that afternoon with my father."

Another incident of their life in Rome is rather interesting. "Toward the close of this first season in Rome the Bryants came to town, and the old poet, old in aspect even then, called on us; but he was not a childly man, and we youngsters stood aloof and contemplated with awe his white hair and beard and tranquil, but chilly eyes. Near the end of May, William Story invited us to breakfast with him. The Bryants and Miss Hosmer and some English people were there. I understood nothing of what passed except the breakfast. After the meal, until at the end of the session my father and Story began to talk about the superstition as to Friday. They agreed that, of course, it was a superstition, but that, nevertheless, it did have an influence on both of them. Story probably has an influence on everybody who has ever heard of it."

And these extracts are taken at random from a book of nearly 400 pages. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

Sargent's Paintings.

The leading article in the November number of "Scribner's" is "John S. Sargent," by Royal Cortissoz, and numerous reproductions of the paintings of this artist add greatly to its interest. M. Cortissoz indirectly answers the critics who complain that some of Sargent's later work is not his best, by saying: "The country which I have every time." Through Ernest C. Peixoto, it is illustrated by the author. Another Western article is "The W. W. Bought the Great West," by Noah Brooks, then a very young man. Other articles of interest are "The Literary Merit of Our Time," by Ernest C. Peixoto, "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Ernest C. Peixoto, "The Senate," by Henry Cabot Lodge, and "The Senate," by Henry Cabot Lodge. "The Senate," by Henry Cabot Lodge, and "The Senate," by Henry Cabot Lodge. "The Senate," by Henry Cabot Lodge, and "The Senate," by Henry Cabot Lodge.

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"SIX FAIRY PLAYS FOR CHILDREN," is the title given to a little book of juvenile dramas, by Netta Syrett, an English author. Most people who are interested in amateur acting have seen times when a short play, adapted to the taste and capacity of children, and without elaborate stage settings, would have been most welcome, and there is often nothing in that line to be had. The only children's plays at all suited to the needs of average people which have thus far been available are the light operas and plays which have appeared now and then in the pages of "St. Nicholas," and aside from the inconvenience of hunting up a bound volume of a magazine which contains the particular play one is after, there is inconvenience in copying the different parts for the actors, as must be done when this is the only available source of material. This little book of fairy plays, small and inexpensive enough to allow each actor to have a copy, it contains full directions for setting, costumes, and business, and the plays themselves are simple enough to be easily acted, while an indefinite amount of costumes, scenery, and action can be added if time and talent permit. The only thing missing, which really should be included is the music for the songs. As it is, the verses which occur here and there must be either recited or sung to music adapted from some familiar song, or the person in charge of the music must write the music. However, this is not hard for almost any amateur musician to do, and the verses

are simple and in meters often used in light opera. All of the plays contain a fantastic element like that of the dramatized fairy tales and musical extravaganzas which have become familiar to the public. They are daintily written, with an eye for dramatic effect. "The Dream Lady" is as good as any, and should prove charming when well played. The heroine of this is a princess who has declared her intention to marry no prince who has not seen her mysterious friend, the Dream Lady. This spirit is visible to children, poets and dreamers, but not to older and more worldly folk, and the fancy of the princess is heartily ridiculed by the King and Queen. The play might easily be lengthened and the comic element increased by introducing several suitors who prove unable to see the Dream Lady. A pretty episode is the appearance of the dream spirit to the children and their talk with her.

"White Magic" is another pretty conceit, and like "The Dream Lady" and others, could easily be acted on an out of doors stage. This fairy song, with which it closes, is an example of the style of the songs:

From the wide, dim forest glades,
Where the grass grows green and tall;
From the deepest leafy shades,
We have heard the fairy call.

Words like sound of falling rain,
When the birds begin to sing;
Words as soft as whispering leaves,
These alone the fairies bring.

Others of the collection are "Little Bridget," "The Gift of the Fairies," "The Wonderful Rose" and "In Arcturion." (New York: John Lane; The Bodley Head.)

A JUVENILE PRIG

"JEWEL: A CHAPTER IN HER LIFE," by Clara Louise Burnham, is one of the best anti-dotes to the Christian Science mania that can be found. If any sensible person can read this story of a child brought up in that faith without recoiling in terror from a system so nicely calculated to produce juvenile prigs, human nature must have changed of late. It was Mary Ann Gibbs of whom Jane of "Hawthorne's" said:

"She had the asthma, an' summertime, when the heat was on, she'd sing 'Bobbie through, aside o' th' hymn book, an' she'd sing aw th' time when she could breathe for th' asthma, an' tell folk as if they did no go an' do likewise they'd go to burnin' hell, where th' fire is na quenched an' th' worm dyeth not."

Jewel differs from Mary Ann Gibbs in being oppressively well, but she knows all "Science and Health" through, aside o' th' Bible, and if she had had a grandfather with the asthma and somewhat wrong with his legs and told him usually that there was nothing the matter with him except Error, it is doubtful whether the friend that was in the old time when the child missionary descended upon them. When a child of eight explains to her grandfather a physician that she is sure he doesn't know it is wrong to believe in materia medica, for she reflects love all the time; when she tells her cousin, who is blue over a love affair, that all she has to do is to remember every minute that God's child must be manifested; when she declares that even her doll knows that reality is different from form, disease, and death, well, it may be extraordinary, but it is anything but attractive. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

HAMLIN GARLAND AGAIN.

HAMLIN GARLAND has written a new novel called "Hesper," dealing with Western life. When Mr. Garland began writing, his "Main Travelled Roads" and other sketches of the Middle West caused lovers of the American novel to hope that he might write more stories. Since the appearance of "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," however, the inclinations evinced by the author to pose amid Indian curiosities instead of attending to his knitting, the hope has been rather in the opposite direction.

In "Hesper" he introduces us to another of those Eastern heroes of his, whose chief object in life seems to be to get around under foot at inconvenient times. The hero then is due to lead the lady gently but firmly out of danger, with a noble but sorrowful expression, and spend his time for the next few hours neglecting his business to take adoring care of her. If one is to believe Owen Wister and Hamlin Garland, woman is rather a nuisance in the West—a delightful nuisance, it may be, but still a nuisance—and the cowboy is too polite to say so. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

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are simple and in meters often used in light opera. All of the plays contain a fantastic element like that of the dramatized fairy tales and musical extravaganzas which have become familiar to the public. They are daintily written, with an eye for dramatic effect. "The Dream Lady" is as good as any, and should prove charming when well played. The heroine of this is a princess who has declared her intention to marry no prince who has not seen her mysterious friend, the Dream Lady. This spirit is visible to children, poets and dreamers, but not to older and more worldly folk, and the fancy of the princess is heartily ridiculed by the King and Queen. The play might easily be lengthened and the comic element increased by introducing several suitors who prove unable to see the Dream Lady. A pretty episode is the appearance of the dream spirit to the children and their talk with her.

"White Magic" is another pretty conceit, and like "The Dream Lady" and others, could easily be acted on an out of doors stage. This fairy song, with which it closes, is an example of the style of the songs:

From the wide, dim forest glades,
Where the grass grows green and tall;
From the deepest leafy shades,
We have heard the fairy call.

Words like sound of falling rain,
When the birds begin to sing;
Words as soft as whispering leaves,
These alone the fairies bring.

Others of the collection are "Little Bridget," "The Gift of the Fairies," "The Wonderful Rose" and "In Arcturion." (New York: John Lane; The Bodley Head.)

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